

Steven Wilson - Objects Outlive Us: Objects: Meanwhile

tom:

Her shopping bag broke sending eggs and flour crashing Down to the ground, just like star clusters smashing

But no one will give her a glance

They just shuffle on home in a trance

The tiniest lives fill their hives up with worry

To make it to church, well, she needs to hurry

When late she will bow down contrite

While a meteor turns out the light

And there in an ordinary street

A car isn't where it would normally be

The driver in tears, 'bout his payment arrears

Still, nobody hears wh?n a sun disappears

In a galaxy afar

First day of the new job and h? was so nervous

The suit and the platitude, "Can I be of service?"

His boss made him clean all the cars

While he wondered, "Is there life on Mars?"

And meanwhile the stars line themselves up in order

While we bicker on with our fences and borders

But best not think about that

It's better to live without facts

And now in her old wedding bed

A lady will dream that her husband is dead

Of course he's alive, he'll be home around five

Still, silence arrives, when a nebula dives

Into our Milky Way

The thunder and rain start, the paving stones melt

And oddly the first spots make Orion's belt as

You queue at the bank for an hour

'Cause a solar flare blew out the power

The nurse in the care home now empties a bath tub

The water will spiral, a galaxies vast hub

Is draining away as we speak

But she loses her job there next week

And there with his first telescope

A teenager stands full of hormones and hope

As he squints at the night, like a painting of light

He doesn't suppose that a black hole implodes

In a trillion tears from now (Ah)

Acordes













